New South

Freedom Rides

. . . their impact on one rider,

the Deep South, national unity,

and world opinion

Strictly Subjective

By MARGARET LONG

New South

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THE ADMIRABLE EFFORTS of the Atlanta School Board to "prepare the community" for desegregation of two high school grades this fall and the neighborhood discussions and persuasions of OASIS (a commendable catch-all for save-the-schools groups) to dissuade students and adult passers-by from violent expression of their displeasure speak well for the civilized if somewhat divided Atlanta community.

Mayor Hartsfield's fierce warnings to professional flying squadrons of fanatic outsiders, due to swarm to Atlanta to rescue the white race, seem a great deal more partisan and pointed than the mild exhortations of School Superintendent John W. Letson and the temperate counsels of OASIS. Mr. Hartsfield has not always exhibited a consistent bias for Negro students and their desegregation doings, but he is most colorfully and cholerically against white imports and their less gentle demonstrations. He calls these knights-errant "the outhouse crowd" and warns that "they'll get their heads knocked together." This vigorous figure of speech has not offended me as it has some Atlantans, because it does not imply to me that the mayor will personally crack together the heads of all vocal segregationists or order the police to fracture skulls of all who protest desegregation. It surely means, nevertheless, that police will at least stop disorders at the point of law violation—arresting native street messiahs and imported race saviors when they commence to throw things, beat the law-abiding and indulge in such disorderly conduct as obscene insults, or what the police call "opprobrious terms." If the mayor chooses to call this "knocking their heads together," then I can only

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Travel Notes from a Deep South Tourist

By FRANK HOLLOWAY

THE SUNDAY AFTER the mob violence in Montgomery, Ala., Harold Andrews, an Atlanta college student, and I decided to go to Montgomery to join the Freedom Riders. We didn't have the money, and most of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference people and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee were already in Montgomery so we couldn't get travel funds from them. We ran all over town after money, and finally borrowed some from a neighbor. He told us that his only regret was that he didn't have more to give us.

We bought our tickets at the Greyhound Bus Station, and went to the station cafeteria which had never served Negroes. We were served without any trouble, the first Negroes to eat there, and we felt pretty good that this was settled. However, there were heavy detachments of plainclothes policemen on the scene. I don't know how they got there so fast but there they were. After a piece of pie and about three cups of coffee, we went to the loading dock to board the bus. The plainclothesmen were right behind us, trying to be inconspicuous. We got on the bus and sat in the first and second seats on the left side. I think this sort of shook the bus driver up. He kept looking at us and then got off the bus and talked to a couple of the policemen, pointing in our direction. The other passengers were mumbling and I could sense they were talking about us.

"It looks like the Freedom Ride is starting right here," I said to Harold. After about ten minutes the driver got back on the bus, and we were on our way. A police car followed us until we reached the city limits.

When we pulled into the LaGrange, Ga., station, the driver told us we had a 15-minute rest stop. Harold and I got off the bus and went into the so-called "white" waiting room. We were met by a man who called himself the manager or something like that. He told us the "colored" waiting room was around in back. We smiled slightly and kept on walking into the white waiting room. He said, "Get out of the - - - white waiting room and go where you belong." We still didn't say anything to him. About this time up pops a policeman telling us to "get your - - - outa here or else." I asked the policeman where was the rest room. He pulled his night stick or blackjack, swung wildly at us. We backed off, but he did hit us a little. Then the manager and two or three

(Mr. Holloway, a 21-year-old Atlantan, is a veteran of sit-ins, kneel-ins and other student demonstrations of the last 15 months, and has served two jail sentences for violation of Georgia's anti-trespass law.)

Tourist *Continued*

other men pushed, hit and kicked us right on out of the waiting room.

People were beginning to gather on the outside. The bus was about to leave, so we got back on and sat in front as before. Outside we noticed two of the "agitators," telephoning. We believe they passed the word on that two Freedom Riders were en route to Montgomery.

One thing that made us feel rather good happened at Tuskegee when the bus picked up some Negro passengers, who went to the rear. A couple of minutes later a Negro man came up and sat by Harold. He told Harold that he noticed us sitting in the front when he got on and that he had never seen this before in Alabama. Then he said it came to him we were Freedom Riders, and that he felt an obligation to us and himself to join us in the front, although he was afraid to. He also said he didn't exactly go along with that non-violence jive the students were practicing. So for the remainder of the trip we talked to him about non-violence in opposition to violence.

We arrived in Montgomery about 9 p.m. The city seemed to be going crazy. There were masses of people out on the streets with police cars, state troopers and federal marshals, and the noise of sirens. Our bus was escorted from the city limits to the Greyhound station by two carloads of marshals. In the heart of town, mobs of people waved their fists and yelled at us. At the station we met a mob estimated to be 1,500 strong. We sat in the bus for a few minutes and then got off. The marshals held the mob off and some 20 of them surrounded us to protect us. One of them told me that the news had gotten to Montgomery that two more Freedom Riders (us) were arriving that night, hence the mob's welcome party. Anyway, we went into the "white" waiting room and tried to phone for help, while the marshals were holding back the crowd on the outside. We couldn't contact the Montgomery Negro leaders, so we decided to get some sort of transportation to one of their houses. But the cab drivers refused to take us and the Negroes were afraid to come anywhere near the bus station. So there we were, stranded, not knowing anyone and with no place to go, and no way to get there. Negroes outside of the waiting room were afraid to help us. They said some Negro cars had been burned by the mob and they feared it might happen again. We had no choice but to try to walk away. One Negro told us there was a large mass meeting at the First Baptist Church, where Rev. Ralph Abernathy is pastor, and that Dr. King and all the Freedom Riders were there.

We left on foot, not knowing what direction to take. Before we got 50 feet from the station we were stopped by the police and federal marshals, who made us go back into the bus station for our own protection. We went into the "white" waiting room, and Montgomery police came in and told us we would have to go to the "Negro" side, because the mob outside was angry and they didn't want to have "any trouble like we had yesterday."

We didn't say anything, but just continued telephoning, trying to reach some Montgomery Negro leaders. Again, they asked us to move, this time more firmly. The federal marshals came up to us and stood by us silently. The police asked us to move a third time and when we didn't they put us under arrest. We were charged with refusing to obey an officer.

About an hour after our arrest we were freed. Two sergeants escorted us back to the bus station. They refused to tell us why we were freed or where we were going. In fact, they told me to "shut your - - - mouth or else we'll take matters into our own hands." So I shut up. At the bus station we still had the problem of making contact with the Negro community. It seemed that everything and everybody was working against us, and we didn't know what to do or where to go.

Finally a brave young Negro cab driver came by to help us. Well, we were glad to see that cat. For one solid hour or more we rode through Montgomery streets, trying to get to the church, but the streets to the church were blocked off by Alabama Guards. We ran into several road blocks and were searched five times, but we finally made it to the church.

Two or three hundred National Guardsmen surrounded the church. Inside were three or four times as many people as the church was supposed to hold, and it was very hot and uncomfortable. Some people were trying to sleep, but there was hardly room for anybody to turn around. Dr. King, other leaders and the Freedom Riders were circulating through the church talking to people and trying to keep their spirits up.

But it was a relief and like a haven to be among friends. Anyway, they kept us in the church overnight until about six a.m. when everybody left. We Freedom Riders went to Negro homes.

We stayed there three days, during which time we had several workshops on non-violence. We couldn't move around the city, being guarded by the National Guard. In the meantime, several other Freedom Riders joined us.

About 7:30 a. m. Wednesday, the first busload of Freedom Riders left for Jackson, beginning our invasion of the Sovereign State of Mississippi and its rigid segregation.

I left on another bus at 11 a.m. First, we ate integrated in the "white" room without any trouble, guarded by about 50 National Guardsmen. We were also escorted on our ride by troopers and Guardsmen, about 10 cars in front of us and maybe 15 behind us. Ahead of the parade were some 20 Montgomery motorcycle police, who left us at the city limits.

We had several reporters and National Guardsmen on our bus. The Guards sat both behind and in front of us, with their commanding officer standing in front, looking as if he would shoot us if we made the slightest move. So we didn't make the slightest move.

The newsmen interviewed us and other times we looked out of the window at the pretty scenery and talked about what we would eat at Jackson. Some of us slept and some read.

The Alabama troopers and National Guardsmen left us at the state line, and more hostile Mississippi troopers and Guardsmen picked us up. The bus didn't make any regularly scheduled stops, but we did stop at a Negro cafe on the road with five minutes for whatever we had to do. After a five-hour ride, this was hardly time enough for all of us, but we were more fortunate than the first bus, which didn't stop any place. We made several requests to the driver for rest stops, but he had orders not to stop. At the outskirts of small Mississippi towns, people outside their houses and stores shook their fists and threw rocks at us. I thought it was rather amusing, because the trip had gotten so dull and tiresome.

Tourist *Continued*

At Jackson the city police met us and escorted us to the bus station. Behind all these escorts I felt like the President of the United States touring Russia or something. Outside the bus a sort of tunnel of guards led from the bus to the "white" waiting room. In fact, they had blocked the way to the "Negro" waiting room, so that if some of us had changed our minds we couldn't have used the "Negro" rest room anyway.

We got off the bus and walked through the "tunnel" of troopers, guardsmen, city police and reporters. At the door of the waiting room a policeman stood there like the doorman of the Waldorf Astoria and opened the door for us. There were more police inside. I guess the crooks in the city had a field day because all the Jackson police were at the bus station making tunnels and opening doors for us.

We tried to make our way through the crowded cafeteria but never did get there. I still wonder what do they serve in that cafeteria, since they guard it as if it was Fort Knox or America's security weapon. Anyway, a policeman in blue pants and lots of white, shiny buttons pinned on his shirt, by the name of Captain Ray, came over and said, "You people must leave, keep moving," etc. I kept moving because it was so crowded I was pushed all over the place. Captain Ray ordered again, "You people move on." His boys then began picking out the black people and placing them under arrest. Being black, I was arrested.

There was one white fellow and a very fair Negro who had a hard time getting arrested. The white fellow had to tell a policeman that he was with the Freedom Riders. Then they took us out to the paddy wagon.

We got in and immediately began to sing our student songs. I heard one white spectator say to another, "What in the --- those niggers singing about?" and the other one answered, "I don't know, but they'll change their tune soon as they get their head beaten in a couple of times." "You're right," the first one said. "The police aren't going to take any- - -from those niggers like the other places did."

We sang until we reached the jail. Inside, the captain told us to stop singing. They took us to a room to be booked, and here we received unusually kind treatment. "What is your name, sir?" a policeman who was booking me asked. "My name is Frank Holloway," I replied. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "You mean your name is *Mister* Frank Holloway."

I could tell it was nearly killing them to be kind and polite, and that they were just following orders they didn't like and throwing some sarcasm in to make it easier on them.

After dinner they took us to our cells which were fairly clean; the beds were hard and uncomfortable but sleepable. About 12 of us were in one two-room cell.

We stayed in the city jail for two days, singing, discussing the news, telling jokes, etc. Time passed pretty fast because we had a lot to talk about and were becoming better acquainted with each other The food wasn't too hot, but staying hungry most of the time made it taste pretty good. They gave us clean linen, soap, toilet articles, which I thought was very accommodating. That day we were allowed to shave, which they told me is very uncommon in Mississippi.

Then they took us to a room where

we met the other Freedom Riders and our lawyer, so we could decide what to do at the hearing. We decided right away to plead not guilty (of breach of the peace), and to take any sentence given to us.

There were many reporters and few spectators in the courtroom. This was the largest crowd they had ever had in this courtroom, I was told. The judge showed little interest in our attorney's and the city attorney's arguments. As soon as they concluded, the judge ruled guilty and gave us two months suspended sentences and $200 fines, or 67 days time to serve.

Found guilty of breach of the public peace, for trying to use facilities of the Trailways Bus Station, for which we had bought tickets with good American money, we went back to the city jail to wait for transfer to the county jail. We were taken to the Hinds County jail right across the street from the city jail.

When we went in we were met by some of the meanest looking, tobacco-chewing lawmen I have ever seen. They ordered us around like a bunch of dogs, and I really began to feel like I was in a Mississippi jail. Our cell was nasty and the beds were harder than the city jail beds, hardly sleepable, but the eight of us in our cell had to lie down somewhere. It was very cold during the night because the window was broken, and we didn't have enough cover.

We struggled through a horrible breakfast the next morning. I had slipped in a couple of bars of soap from the city jail and decided to take a shower, but the shower didn't work properly, and the sink didn't either. We didn't have much to do but wait and see if lunch would be as bad as breakfast. After lunch we wrote letters we couldn't mail because we had sealed them up. We talked about the Freedom Rides, the Student Movement in general, and our commitment to non-violence. Dinner was worse than breakfast or lunch, although I hadn't thought that was possible. We read a little literature we had smuggled in, and then lay down on those things they called beds, and had a very chilly and unrestful sleep.

After breakfast next day, we began to sing Student Movement songs. A jailer came into our ward and told us to "cut out that - - - noise." We kept on singing. He told us we were "a bunch of smart - - - and we got ways of taking care of black - - - niggers who get out of their place." We kept on singing, and we couldn't hear all of the cussing and name-calling.

The jailer left and came back with somebody of higher authority, and we had two Mississippi experts cussing us out. We kept on singing, and they threatened to put us in the sweat box or solitary. They took three of us and told us they were going to put all of us in the sweat box if we didn't shut up. We kept on singing, and they took a few more of us to the sweat box and threatened to beat the rest of us over the head with a stick.

Later, when they realized we were not going to stop singing regardless of what they did to us, they brought those they had locked up in the sweat box back to the cell. One jailer told me they could get rid of a nigger in Mississippi, and nobody could do anything about it. The first thing that came into my mind was the Charlie Parker case.

After several days they ordered us to pack up and get ready to move. Later a bunch of armed guards escorted

(Charles Parker, a Negro charged with rape, was abducted from the Mississippi jail and murdered by a mob in 1959. His body was found in a river. After investigation, the FBI offered its extensive report to a grand jury, which returned no indictments.)

Tourist *Continued*

us to two station wagons, which took us to the Hinds County penal farm. When we got there we met several men in ten-gallon hats, looking like something out of an old Western, with rifles in their hands, staring at us as if we were desperate killers about to escape. This tickled me, and I had to smile. Here we were, non-violent Freedom Riders, who had come to jail to stay there, and they led us through a tunnel of men holding rifles to prevent our escape They locked us up in the farm jail. Soon they took us out to a room, boys on one side and girls on the other. One by one, they took us into another room for questioning before they gave us our black and white stripes.

There were about eight guards with sticks in their hands in the second room, and the Freedom Rider being questioned was surrounded by these men. Outside we could hear the questions, and the thumps and whacks, and sometimes a quick groan or a cry, when their questions weren't answered to their satisfaction. They beat several Riders who didn't say, "Yes sir," but none of them would Uncle-Tom the guards.

Rev. C. T. Vivian of Chattanooga was beaten pretty bad. When he came out he had blood streaming from his head. They took him to the penal farm doctor, who apparently patched him up so he looked like he had not been beaten when we saw him again.

We could hear somebody slap a girl Freedom Rider, and her quick, little scream—I guess it was knocked out of her. She was about five feet tall and wore glasses, and they beat her because she wouldn't Uncle-Tom them or behave in a subservient manner.

I wasn't beaten myself, but they did call me all the dirty names they seemed able to think of. I was about the 15th man to go in there, and the prison doctor must have warned them about beating us after Reverend Mr. Vivian's injuries.

So, after being guarded by men with guns big enough to kill an elephant, called nasty and unbelievable names, beaten until blood ran down some of our faces, we were ordered to work in the fields in 100-degree weather from sunup until sundown. I didn't get a chance to work too long and get too hot, because I was soon released.

My friend Harold Andrews and I got out on a $500 appeal bond to go back to Montgomery as witnesses in a case against the city of Montgomery and its police department because of our unlawful arrest in Montgomery.

Guard rushed us back to Jackson, sirens clearing the way, being, I suppose, so glad to get rid of a couple of Freedom Riders. We told our lawyer about the brutality inflicted on the Freedom Riders, and that if something weren't done, someone might be killed at that farm. Our lawyers notified the FBI and the Negro Freedom Riders were transferred back to the Hinds County jail, where they were at least safe from guards at the isolated penal farm.

This experience of Freedom Riding and being locked up in Mississippi is something I will never forget. But I wouldn't trade it for anything. I am glad I was a witness undergoing the suffering which Negroes endure in Mississippi and helping in the big push for freedom all over the South, I feel also that the Freedom Riders are bringing about a new life for the Negro community in Mississippi. I would willingly go through the whole ordeal again.

The Freedom Ride

By LESLIE W. DUNBAR

THE SIT-IN DEMONSTRATIONS began in the South early in 1960. The device was simple: Negroes, most of whom were students, violated local customs by seating themselves at lunch counters and asking for service. The tactic spread contagiously, though least in the so-called Deep South, i.e., the states of Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. By the year's end, more than 100 cities and towns of the South had responded to the sit-ins by opening to Negro patronage at least some of the eating places formerly for whites only.

No other method had ever achieved as much in so short a time as had these non-violent protests. Moreover, not the least of their results was the effect they had on the white South. At first annoyed, then angered, then confused, white Southerners in scores of places came fairly rapidly to a grasp of the rightness of the protest. For almost the first time in their history, they yielded on a racial issue without being compelled by the federal government to do so.

Because many Africans, Asians, and Europeans visit the office of the Southern Regional Council, I know that the above statement hides a question eternally puzzling to them: the nature of our federal system of government. Indeed, I have sometimes wondered, when my explanations have proven helpless, whether we Americans believe in federalism firmly enough to make it sound credible to others.

The sometime impotence of American federalism has been revealed clearly by the Freedom Ride, which since May 4, 1961 has been the most prominent form of the Negro movement. Unlike the sit-ins, the Freedom Ride is an attack on laws, not customs—laws which are plainly unconstitutional under rulings of the Supreme Court of the United States and yet still are enforced by some state governments.

The Ride is an assertion of a clear federal right to travel freely and peacefully from one state to another; yet only most clumsily can the federal gov-

(This is a reprint of SRC Director Dunbar's appraisal of Freedom Rides for The Forum of London, a news and opinion service with wide distribution in Africa and Asia, published in New South with Forum permission.)

Freedom Ride

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ernment protect this right against state obstruction. In short, the benefits of decentralized government do not come without pain. The inability of the federal government to shield private citizens, in all circumstances, from deprivation of rights by state and local authorities is one side of a coin, whose other is the limited power of Washington to interfere in the private lives of citizens.

Federalism works poorly without a general consensus among the parts of the country. On the racial question, that consensus has come slowly between the South and the rest of the nation. The victory of this generation is that we now are moving toward it with a sure pace. The Freedom Ride will help perfect American unity. That will be, in sum, its historical accomplishment. The sum, as it now is in late July, has five parts.

First, the Freedom Ride brought the Negro protest movement to the heart of the Deep South: Alabama and Mississippi. The latter had been the only state to have no sit-ins; Alabama had been the one state where governmental power had wrecked the sit-ins of 1960. Yet into these two citadels of caste the Ride penetrated daringly. This is likely to be a telling defeat for Alabama and Mississippi, just as it would be for any tyranny whose fearsome myth of invincibility had been defied, and the defiant not destroyed.

Secondly, in the three Alabama cities where there was violence, the mob did its work with official toleration. The nation—and the world—had seen this before; mobs can be, in the American South as well as in totalitarian nations, the instruments of official policy. Each spectacle, however, hastens the conquering revulsion.

Thirdly, the arrests of Freedom Riders in Jackson, Mississippi affords another, and the clearest, opportunity to test juridically the anti-trespass laws passed by several southern states as a defense against sit-ins.

Fourthly, lunch counters in the bus terminals of Montgomery, Alabama have been desegregated as a result of the Ride. This was not only a defeat for segregation, but also an humbling setback for the Governor and his policies of bitter-end resistance to reform.

And finally, the national administration has requested the Interstate Commerce Commission to prohibit by effective regulations the practice of segregation at any stations where interstate buses stop. Non-Americans will be baffled that a Commission which the President cannot order, but can only appeal to, has the responsibility to regulate interstate travel; such, however, is the complexity of this government, a complexity which Americans also do not widely understand, but only get used to.

These I would say are the achievements of the Freedom Ride, and they add to a contribution to American popular unity. I have said nothing of the moral witness which the Riders have offered against racial injustice. Here it is doubtful that they have widened or deepened that already given so magnificently in recent years by Negro Southerners. More than any previous protest, however, the Ride has enlisted both white people and non-Southerners for direct action in the South. Thus, the Ride has given its distinctive witness to the savagery of racism, but also to the unstilled surge of the free spirit throughout American democracy.

World Press Views Freedom Rides and the United States

THE SOUND AND FURY of 10 days' recurring Alabama violence against and Mississippi jailing of Freedom Riders last May echoed through the world's press and radio in outraged protest, angry sarcasms on democracy and grave warning of Communist gains in American loss.

There were, also, from Western Europe to Africa and the Far East, defenders of American position, statements that Deep South mobsters are a rabid few, mitigating explanations of federal-versus-state authority and general plaudits for the Kennedys' "firm stand" for civil rights and Negro protection.

Strong, picture-laden play of the Alabama story prevailed in most newspapers of the world and emotional comment dominated airways coverage. Some papers which did not editorialize ran Page One stories of the bus burning, riot and beatings of Freedom Riders, under frankly horrified headlines. Comment ranged from "horror and disgust" to anxious, friendly concern at Alabama's compromise and Mississippi's defiance of American prestige and policy. There was an occasional view of the violence as evidence that freedom is being extended in the United States.

Western European papers generally damned the street fighters, deplored Mississippi penalties on Freedom Riders, praised Negro assertion of rights and sympathized with the Kennedy administration and majority American opinion for equal rights.

The London DAILY MIRROR, with the world's largest circulation, observed "President Kennedy is now facing . . . one of the supreme tests of his ability to lead America . . . he has the vast majority of Americans on his side (and) the good wishes of every sane citizen of Britain and . . . the Western World." The conservative Paris LE MONDE said the big American question is now "freedom for any . . . citizen to travel without discrimination" and that here "reality lags far behind the law."

"As long as Kennedy has not broken the defiance of race fanatics, every dollar for propaganda and development aid in Africa is thrown away," said the GENERAL ANZEIGER of Bonner, Germany. Rome's MESSAGERO said, "Those who provoke disorders are not helping U. S. prestige when the new Asian and African countries are looking around to know their friends and foes."

The TIMES of London was among many papers which deplored the discrediting of American position by Ala-

World Press

Continued

bama disorders and remarked that "some Americans are loath to accept the implications either of nationhood or of world leadership, and what foreigners think of the riots is a matter of almost total unconcern to the participants." INFORMATION of Copenhagen called the riots "no internal affair" and advised Europe to serve notice that it wants no truck "with certain American states." The London DAILY TELEGRAPH regretted that Russians and Chinese in their constant effort to "foster hatred" of America "have another opportunity on the eve of the President's meeting with Khrushchev." French comment feared that race conflict in the States will increase as American Negroes are roused by independence of new African states.

A friendly long view also appeared in the London TELEGRAPH, that Alabama troubles mean America is trying to extend freedom rather than limit it, that "The (Civil) war was won . . . but the struggle still goes on," and that "while it is tragic that it has to, we should be thankful that it does—and suspicious of those who exploit the tragedy." The London DAILY EXPRESS praised federal action which "proved to an anxious world that the Kennedy brothers are as ready to defend the ideals of individual liberties within . . . the United States as they are to act outside." The EXPRESS called the Kennedy protection of Freedom Riders "an incalculable contribution not only to American prestige but Western unity," on the eve of the Kennedy-Khrushchev "confrontation."

DER KURIER of Berlin proclaimed Alabama disorders as "a sign of the federal government's and the popular majority's effort to expand the freedom of man." The BIRMINGHAM POST declared that Americans understand "the infinite harm in the eyes of the world . . . millions are as mournfully conscious of the shame as any outsider would be," and recalled that where Eisenhower took 22 days to move on Little Rock disorders, Kennedy "sent marshals in immediately."

In Belgium the Flemish-Nationalist STANDARD, deploring the street violence, was sanguine over Washington efforts to resolve race trouble "in a spirit of perfect equality of rights" and over "remarkable" advances in the States since the Civil War and, again, World War II. The Labor-Catholic LA CITE of Belgium bitterly chided the United States as a champion of liberty which can't protect legal rights of its own citizens and served notice that "world opinion will not tolerate this dichotomy much longer."

Belgian papers, as elsewhere in Europe, played the news straight and full and noted the American Nazi, Rockwell, and his "hate bus." The Socialist paper, LE PEUPLE, termed the bus stops "hideous demonstrations" which may awaken the majority of Americans to "view their compatriots of the Deep South as the French of France now view the French of Algeria: as sick people who ought to be operated on without delay."

Lisbon papers editorialized in headlines like "Shameful Wave of Racism in U. S.: Because They are Negroes or Friends of Negroes 27 Freedom Riders Appear Before Court in Capital of Mississippi." They also played up a Georgia bombing "against two defenseless Negro women," and featured the difficulties of colored diplomats in find-

ing houses, schools and beach accommodations in the States.

Latin American coverage of Alabama racial violence and Mississippi penalties on Freedom Riders was front page and moderate, but editorial comment indignant, especially against the recalcitrant two states. Mexico City's LA PRENSA deplored Southern racism and discoursed angrily on the John Birch Society. Havana television and radio editorialized on colored diplomats' difficulties in the States and Americans concerned for "imprisoned mercenaries" in Cuba, and said that Americans who restrict colored foreigners and demand release of Cuban prisoners are "the very same people who are not touched by the spectacle of beaten and mistreated men in Alabama." Havana RADIO CENTRO said "barbarity of organized, armed ruffians would not be possible without the tolerance or the complicity of U S. authorities."

NOTICIAS DE ULTIMA HORA at Santiago noted Alabama and Mississippi oppressions which "the pious Mr. Kennedy must solve . . . before he gets his country involved in adventures against countries which are organizing their own life to eradicate poverty, and where no . . . racial segregation exists." Mexico's conservative EXCELSIOR said Alabama whites "contradict civilization and behave like unleashed savages," to the damage of their country.

Newspapers in Near East and South Asia cities played the story extensively, many with graphic photos of street beatings of Freedom Riders, in a reaction generally shocked at racist rioters, approving of government efforts to protect and advance Riders' rights and sympathetic with majority American feeling for civil rights. But the total sense of reaction in this part of the world was unfavorable, what with strong news play.

Some papers refrained from editorials. Others, notably pro-Arab League publications, voiced fierce anger in headlines and editorials against the United States. Beirut's AL AWAR declared. "The Struggle of the Americans is for the sake of preserving slavery and for enslaving their colored compatriots." "Racial discrimination is still practiced unshamedly in the U. S. . . . what a scandal, what a shame" exclaimed SAWT AL-URUBA of Beirut. A Madras daily, ANDHRA PATRIKA, headlined "White Racialist Atrocities in Alabama." The Athens KATHIMERINI pointed to damaged "American prestige" at the hands of some Americans, and said the problem will continue until "Southerners are properly indoctrinated and rid themselves of their obsessions."

Israeli and Indian papers were more sympathetic and hopeful of American advances in race equality, and one Israeli paper even referred to Freedom Rides as "provocative" of trouble. The Athens ETHIKOS KYRIC noted the President's determination to "neutralize . . . remnants of racial discrimination which is incompatible with U. S. principles of freedom and equality," and decided "The American nation as a whole is on his side." The INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE of Ambalas said racial outbursts should not "obscure efforts which the American people are making to get rid of racial prejudice."

New Delhi's HINDUSTAN TIMES predicted that federal intervention and enlightened public opinion in the States "are bound to tell, even in these outposts of reaction" in the Deep South, and the New Delhi INDIAN EXPRESS said "Negroes have the satis-

World Press

Continued

faction of knowing that everywhere reactionary elements are fighting with their backs to the wall." The Madras HINDU called Alabama violence "disgraceful" and praised Kennedy's moves to "quell" it. The Madras SWADESMITRAN wrote: "In South Africa, the government itself assumed leadership for white bigots; but in America the government is bent on abolishing racial arrogance with an iron hand."

African press reaction ranged from grieved protest for oppressed Southern American Negroes and damaged Americans prestige to commendation of federal efforts. The government-directed DIARIO DE BUANDA of Angola however, deplored the "tragedy of Negro life in America," that there is no respected American scientist, politician or religious leader "who does not consider the Negro inferior to the white for this or that reason." When, said DIARIO, "an Adlai Stevenson . . . is obliged to shake hands with some Nkrumah he does it only under the strict political necessity of the disturbed world. . . . He is hypocritical and sells his soul to the devil . . . . The Nkrumahs, the Tubmans and the Toures know it well . . . ."

The GHANIAN TIMES said the Negro protest and the oppressed people of Africa and elsewhere are problems far more urgent than "the sending of a man to the moon." Morocco's AL FAIR said race rioting "is compromising to the U. S. position of world leadership," but expressed faith that the Kennedy administration will solve the trouble.

Kenya's DAILY NATION described the "often maligned government of the U.S." as one of many "dedicated to the eradication of this evil by deed as well as precept." The United States, it added, "is continually thwarted by the obtuse prejudice of smaller men . . . in the South."

Official ETHIOPIAN HERALD applauded Kennedy's "firm stand on civil rights," rued American segregation for its damage to relations between colored peoples and the United States and pointed out that "Africans feel that any segregation against the Negro is simultaneously segregation against (Africans)." "(The American Negro) is either a citizen on an equal footing . . . or he is not a citizen at all," the HERALD continued, advising the federal government to "see to it" that Deep South states change their policies, or it will be "difficult for her (the United States) to sell to the outside world, especially the non-white world, that she stands for . . . equality of all men."

The ASHANTI PIONEER recalled 1958 troubles in Little Rock, hailed 1961 news that four Little Rock junior high schools will be desegregated this fall and noted "other revolutionary changes . . . on the way." The PIONEER called Freedom Ride violence "just one of the race troubles which are sorting themselves out slowly but surely," and concluded that race hostility is "a problem which many Americans are honestly and sincerely trying to solve."

Far East commentary was restrained. News play was detailed and extensive, attracting wide public interest. Editorials gave the federal government credit for firmness in coping with the Alabama trouble, lamented the paradox of American discrimination and brutality against Negroes and frequently praised the courage and dignity of protesting Negroes. Many

papers, like the Bangkok SARN SERI, termed the American race conflict the United States' "most serious internal problem." SARN SERI observed that "violation of human rights in the U. S." is "strange," with UN headquarters in the United States and the U. S. "the strongest supporter of its human rights proclamation."

The MANILA TIMES suggested that the United States should be more concerned with the treatment of American Negroes than with "the way Fidel Castro is handling war prisoners in Cuba," since "The war prisoners were rebels" and "The Negroes are only demanding their God-given rights."

French wire service reports provided wide and detailed coverage for Japanese papers, which carried little comment. A column in ASAHI AHIMNUN noted the Civil War Centennial and that discrimination, "this blot," remains, "despite the passage of a hundred years." The column praised Kennedy moves in Alabama.

The STRAITS-TIMES of Singapore, an English language paper, said "America should be sooner judged by young men and women willing to mount a crusade for racial tolerance than by gaggles of foul-mouthed women and teen-age louts . . . ." Indonesian and Burmese Journals, perhaps because of a newsprint shortage and demanding local news interest, offered no editorial comment and relatively little news space to the Freedom Rides. Surveys and grass-roots interviews, nevertheless, show that people there believe racial prejudice to be the biggest American fault, one which encourages and confirms anti-colonial and anti-Western feeling. Vietnamese papers gave the race violence heavy play and space, but no editorial comment.

After a slow start, Russian and Chinese papers and radio broadcasts emphasized the impugning of American motives in world affairs, with statements that "racial atrocities have impaired the prestige of the U. S. in the eyes of the world," and charges that President Kennedy and other officials acted with "racial bias." Soviet and Red Chinese accounts and comment also stressed the injustice of jail sentences "for the one crime . . . that (Freedom Riders) had dared to flout the color barrier on a bus line," and of beatings and imprisonment for "reading an article from a national constitution aloud in the streets."

Moscow Radio said: "Scenes of bloodshed in Montgomery are . . . the worst examples of savagery . . . taking place in a country which has the boldness to declare that its way of life is an example for other people . . . . The question of the rights of the colored population, the running amok of racist barbarians . . . who the authorities have no wish to repress and who in many cases are certainly encouraged by the authorities, the brutal attacks on people (in) anti-segregation demonstrations, have aroused indignation throughout the world. They are particularly enlightening for . . . those countries where people of the Negro races and other colored people live. It would be more than naive to expect success for the maxim (suggested for Peace Corps workers), 'I hate Negroes at home, but I love them in Africa.' "

Chinese Communist wireless reports stressed the theme that rampant racism "exposed" the "savage nature of American freedom and democracy." Peking broadcasts played up the Rockwell Nazi "hate bus" and linked the Kennedys with Governors Patterson of Alabama and Barnett of Mississippi in "collusion" with violent mobs.

. . . of non non-violence, conditions, and summer

On his westward junkets Rev. Wyatt Tee Walker, impresario of Freedom Rides out of Atlanta and a twice-jailed Rider himself, discovered a new non non-violent technique of desegregation on an interstate bus in Alabama.

"Boy, git up and move to the back of the bus," the driver ordered a large dark passenger settled in a front seat. The passenger rose, leisurely lengthened to six-feet four, looked down into the driver's face and replied: "I want two things understood. First, I'm no boy and neither am I one of these non-violent Negroes." The driver sat down at the wheel and drove off.

* * *

The Virginia-Carolina Y-Teen camp conference in its 18th integrated summer session at Winston-Salem dramatized and argued what they call "inter-group relationships" which, being interpreted, means the problems and pleasures of Negroes and whites together.

After a "workshop" on attitudes in school and lunch counter desegregation, the girls grouped into "cracker barrel" discussions. One circle fell to talking of the trouble and violence incurred in Negro student demonstration. A little blonde wanted Nigra rights and opportunities for her new friends, but felt that "outsiders, Yankees and some Communists, too," stir up and prolong disorder. "Where, and what Communists?" asked an adult. "Well," she smiled winningly and earnestly, "I just *know* they do, all the time."

Other white girls, elated by the beating about of young brains, avowed their ambition for Negro Y-teens and schoolmates, and wished "outsiders" would leave intergroup relations to "us in the South."

"I think," spoke a little Negro veteran of a year's sit-ins, arrests, maulings at white hands and non-violent forgiveness of insult and obscenity, "I think the trouble is because Negroes are tired of being pushed around, more than on account of outsiders and Yankees and Communists. We're tired of being pushed around, period."

Blue, hazel, brown and black eyes regarded her in startled surprise or proud affirmation. The young soprano voices, subtly changed by the sound of a friend "tired of being pushed around," turned to talk of school, and the girls regarded each other with a new wonder.

Wonder, to coin a new saw and compliment the YWCA, is a beginning of wisdom.

* * *

The big question for Freedom Riders suffering the strained hospitality of Jackson, Miss., jails is "where to put your body," we are told. The perpetual intrusion of alien elbows, backs and legs in a 13-by-15-foot cell accommodating 10 to 20 girls is more onerous than saltless cold grits, butterless biscuits, scampering mice or loss of lipstick and bobby pins.

The attractive Midwestern 19-year-old, with a taste for books and boys, a wayward sense of humor and an individualist's need for solitude, endured it for two weeks in sweet amity with her admirable cellmates. Then the brave consoling songs, the repetitious workshops, story-telling, conversational French and twice-daily exercise of her commendable companions became insupportable.

But all things are possible to the resolute and ingenious. Just before the screaming point, this college junior schooled herself to sleep all morning, socialize in the afternoon and sit up all night in sweet soli-

somewhat crowded friendships

tude. She expects this self-saving regimen to see her through four more months of jail.

* * *

It's a good wind that blows no ill, and the fresh gales of change whipping through the South do, indeed, bring ills in their wake.

A suave, talkative and liberal young man, a little reminiscent of Oscar Wilde's witty worldings, currently applauds the advances of student Negroes and their white friends, but cringes before the current prevalence of youth. This Virginia-born, Georgia settled sophisticate, feeling his three decades rather heavily, regards with dismay the rush of foreign, Yankee and otherwise alien students of sociological persuasion come to observe the darkest South in its hour of reluctant illumination. These resolute youngsters, in "research" on their trips South to see first-hand our "inter-group relationship" churning about under present batterings and sometimes more inclined to inform the savage Southerner than be informed, are the real ill in the new wind. And, in some pain, he is reminded of his own hot and righteous world-changing youth.

"I can see," he laments, "that we're being dragged into a brave new world run by students, and I really don't know if I can survive it."

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Summer travelers into deepest Mississippi beheld with wonderment a huge highway billboard 100 miles South of Jackson. A color picture of Governor Barnett beamed upon passers-by and the billboard proclaimed: "June is welcome month in Mississippi. Visit us often."

Strictly Subjective

(Continued from page 2)

be grateful for his brisk rhetoric in this mealy-mouth day and time.

I suppose one can't blame Mr. Letson or the hardworking OASIS folks for not speaking out so unequivocally to white and Negro school students, parents and the rest of the community. After all, they reflect and repeat the prevalent attitude of a nervously resolute town which has decided that while it doesn't like desegregation it will take it like gentlemen, sufferers for the city's good name. Similarly, students are rallied as patriots so imbued with

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Peace, human dignity and banking services are available at the new San Francisco Golden Gate Bank. In fact, President Jacob Shemano announces he won't do business with accounts which don't buy his whole package, or serve business or industry which discriminates against anyone on the basis of race, creed or color.

Said Mr. Shemano in perhaps the most astonishing pronouncement in the history of banking: "We believe such practices of discrimination are injurious to the peace and dignity of mankind and to the peace and dignity of the United States in its domestic and international relations."

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Atlanta and Fulton County school systems conducted a joint seminar for teachers on "Education for Freedom" in August. The seminar apparently offered edification for separate but equal freedom. White teachers attended lectures at Emory University and Negro teachers at Spelman College.

Strictly Subjective

(Continued from page 2)

"school spirit," as Dr. Letson has it, that they will swallow this bitter potion without drawing blood from one another, martyrs to school pride.

This tremulous stance of respectable Atlantans, bravely enduring the elevation to equality of a handful of native Negro children, seems to have characterized "preparation" in all Southern cities which have so painfully retched up the small sops they offer to equality of schooling.

This attitude seems to serve, being all most beleaguered and law-respecting Southerners can muster. Still and all, I believe official and volunteer girders of loins for the ordeal are overlooking the simplest and sanest factor for a sensible desegregation.

The coming of ten Negro teen-agers to white high schools in Atlanta is merely the arrival of girls and boys to go to school. So it seems to me that the school board and OASIS members might disarm and relax white students and their parents by pointing out that they are not asked to share classrooms with two or three boa constrictors, man-eating tigers, rapists, Congolese cannibals or even American type of hoods with switch blade knives. Nor are these dread ten perilous carriers of leprous physical disease, scholarly enfeeblement or moral debasement.

They are, rather, the cream of an uncommonly cultivated, conventional and well-to-do Negro community. And since they have managed to prevail over the incomprehensible maze of tests, considerations, dotted lines, mysterious appraisals and final screenings which Atlanta requires for transfer from Negro to white schools, they have surely exhibited intelligence, personal charm and perseverance of a very high order, indeed.

It should take little "preparation" of the imagination for a 15-to-17-year-old white student, at the age of most passionate conformity and need for herd approval, to suppose what it is like for a 15-to-17-year-old Negro to quit the sweet safety of his old school and brave suspicion, anger and isolation in a hostile white school. Thus reflecting, white students could scarcely continue to fancy that these students are moving from the friendship of their own groups for the pleasure of our sometimes quite savage white company. With only a trifling amount of adult suggestion, the most obtuse white youth should manage to see that these Negroes are moving into equality, at excruciating personal cost, for the sake of others to follow them.

This way of looking at it curiously doesn't seem to occur to the "tense" and valiantly "calm" communities which face the terrifying onslaught of a token number of select Negro students. The poignant heroism of their presence at white schools, which has moved much of the world to awed admiration, is strangely veiled from a city bravely bent on "an orderly transition," or whatever we're calling it this week.

Perhaps suggestions of the character, aims and courage of the newcomers might melt the outlandishly boorish attitude of desegregating communities and even mitigate the harsh insult of a white public churlishly resigned.

It might even induce a revival of old-fashioned southern manners, on which we so lovingly and fatuously pride ourselves, so that white students could say, "Welcome to school and to equality, it's nice to have you in the human race."

New South

THE NEGRO must also evidence a sense of responsibility. America was born with a race problem and the Negro is charged by history with part of the responsibility to eliminate that social cancer. The Negro discharges this responsibility by adopting the liberal view, by acting in every way to eliminate all artificial limitations upon the minds and hearts of all men. The white man and the Negro are not enemies; to the contrary, they are fellow warriors against provincialism—the tendency of a few frightened and insecure men to take up squatters' rights on a craggy bit of land and around a few dogmas and then sally forth to conquer the world in the name of their apotheosized myopia. And it is precisely here that America's role in the skein of social history is realized.

"The world took America seriously; she got what she asked for—the tired, the poor, the huddled masses. And that is what we all are —refugees from some teeming shore. Now is the hour of determination. The refugee in the gray flannel suit, Negro and white, must decide whether freedom is merely the right to establish religious and ethnic ghettos or whether it is the inescapable imperative to remove every boundry that separates one human being from another. Time is the great integrator. Humans have a knack of finding their way toward one another. And they do it, sometimes to their own amazement, without giving up any of the essential freedoms of the mind or identities of the spirit. For the essential truths continue to evolve, imperishably so.

The most essential of these truths seems to be that man thinks; and because he thinks, he is restless. There is always the gnawing suspicion that he can be better than he is, that things can be better than they are. When you ask man what he means by 'better', the answer comes ringing back, 'better means that I can share in the pleasures and learning of an ever widening circle of humanity. That is why continuing provincialism is the arch enemy of progress.' . . ." *From Louis Lomax's "The Act and Art of Being a Negro" in The Urbanite.*